

ME
BNC

COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES

TIM HOLT

No. 18

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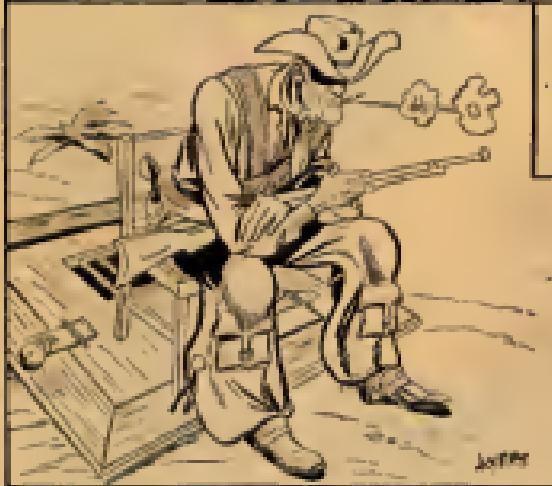
In This Issue:



WESTERN RANGE BOOK

ONE OF THE
GREATEST BAILS
OF THE OLD
WEST WAS A
SIGHT IT LAY
IN THE HARBOUR
OF SAN FRANCISCO
AND WAS USED BY
THE INSOLVENTS
TO HOUSE THEIR
PASSENGERS BEFORE
COUNT TIME.

CURRAN AND
GILBERT THE
GUN-WEAVER
DESPERADOES
WERE ACCUSED
ACROSS THE
BUTTERFIELD
PACIFIC TABLE
COUNTRY AND
CAUGHT UP
WITH THEM!



ANOTHER TYPE JAIL USED BY
THE LAWLESS OF THE EARLY WEST—
BECAUSE BUILDING MATERIALS WERE
AT A PREMIUM AND BECAUSE ESCAPES
FROM PLAIN BARRACKS WERE ALL TOO
COMMON—MADE AND USED PRINCIPALLY
CHARMED WITH ONLY ONE DOOR,
BARTED AND LOCKED ON WHICH
THE GUARD SAT!



THE CREEKOTE BRAIN PUNISHED
A TALKER WHO DIED TO THE
INDIANS WITH WHICH THEY
PUNISHED THEM BY CHIPPING
THEIR SKINNY HEADS
TO THE BONES—SAID...

TIM HOLT

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UP FROM TEXAS AND ACROSS THE
WIDE GRASSLANDS THE SHADOW
OF THE REVENGEFUL GHOST-CHASE
HIDES JUST TOWARD, AND
LOOKING NORTH TO CROSS THE COLD
PLAINS JUST WESTWARD ACROSS
THEIR OWN FOREST TO HIDE UP TO
HARD, THICK-LEAVED PASS AND ALONG
THE SWEETHEART RIVER TO SWEEP
THEIR ON TO ARACHNE, DEATHLY AND
DARKLY NORTH...

BUT ONE DAY AS THE STAGE
SHADOW PAYS "BLACK HORSES," A
TIGHTLY STRETCHED LEATHER SADDLE
THE LEAD HORSE TO THE PROFOUND
SHILL WHINNIES OF FEAR BEING
WITH SWEAT-DRIPS AND A MAN'S
ROUGUE BOOM — AND THE
GOLD BUCK JUMPS HIMSELF
ACROSS THE GREATEST CHALLENGE
HE HAS EVER KNOWN WHEN
CONFRONTED BY THE ANOTHERWISE
FUGITIVE OF —

"THE
TEXAN
DEVIL!"



ARMED WITH A BAGFUL OF CROWNS, THE ROBBER BROTHERS
SAVAGE THE STAGECOACH. THEY LEFT OUT A BRAVE-HEARTED
COWBOY FROM THE SAME BOOT OF THE STAGE —



SONNY ARRIVED LATER AS THE
HOT AND HUNGRY COWBOYS
MARCHED THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN
TOWARD THE GOLDEN BELT OF THE PUEBLO
RANCH. ANOTHER STAGE —

SONNY: FIVE MEN WERE
FOUND A ROBBING CAVES
JUDGING FROM THE HUMMERS
WE MADE OUT FEET FROM
THE OVERLAND STAGE.



SONNY: DAD,
DAD! I FOUND
AT YOU WORK ON
THE STAGE. I
FOUND THIS
HORSE —

SONNY: DAD,
DAD! I FOUND
AT YOU WORK ON
THE STAGE. I
FOUND THIS
HORSE —



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THE STAGE. I
FOUND THIS
HORSE —

SONNY: DAD,
DAD! I FOUND
AT YOU WORK ON
THE STAGE. I
FOUND THIS
HORSE —

THE MOUNTAIN MEN
ROBBED OFF IN THAT
DIRECTION. I JUPITER,
STAND THERE ARE
THE BROTHERS, THE
ROBBED OFF OF THE
STAGE...

THEY COULD LIE
THEMSELVES IN THERE
WITHOUT MUCH
TROUBLE. BUT A
ROBBED ALONE LEADS
THEM IF IT GET
STARTED AT SHOT!



LEONARD CAME TO BRING THE STAGECOACH PASSENGERS TO THE
PUEBLO RANCH. WHEN THE FOALS WENT DOWN AND HE HAD TO
SHOOT THEM, HE GOT THEM OUT OF TOWN WITH A BODGE. THE FOALS ALMOST
A LITTLE...



IT'S FROM AN OLD BODGE, TOM READ,
BODGE IN A BODGE — HE'S TALKED A LITTLE
OF ROBBERS AND TERRIFYING LIGHT
ROBBERS. HE CALLS — IN COWBOY TALK —
THE FRIED BEEF, HAWAII —



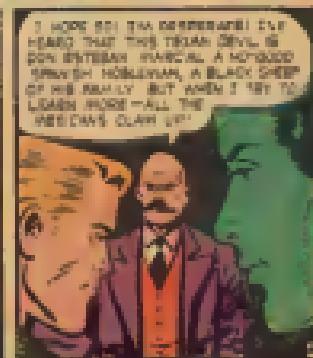
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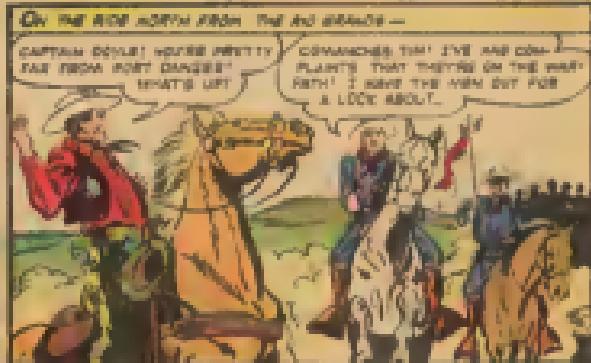
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SOME TIME LATER IN EL REXO. Tim is introduced to the President of the Arizona Overland Stage Company.



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AN' A TROT-LAWAT SADDLES CATCH
SADDLE CLEAN, 'N' WHOLE, A RED-HOT
AN' FURY BEFORE HIS EYES...

OUT OF THE WAY YOU CRAWLING
SOPHOMORES... GO,
LIGHTNING!



THE HUGE GOLDY STALLION WARRIOR ITS DERNACET AN' THUNDERED
HOOFED OVER THE GROUND A TON OF POUNDS PLUMMET INTO THE DIRT
AN' DUST, KICKING THEM DUSTY LIKE STRAWBERRIES...

DO DEH, BOY! HIT THEM
HARD, THAR'S IT!

ADORN
GROWL!



CARTOON JONES AN'
STUMBLIN'...

AM TONY! THAT'S BLOO
EEH HOLD ME TOO
TIGHT...



AND THEN FROM A CORNER OF THAT GHOST
TOWN, ISOLATED HIGH COUNTRY DOWN ON THE
GRASS, HEA RANT...

WE'LL RANGIN'
RODEO IN
GUNNERY!



A GUN-SADDLED CRASHES DOWN, ONLY
THE HAT KEEPS HIM FROM A BLOW
THAT WOULD...

A GUN IS BETTER
THAN A ROPE!



HOLY-THUNDEROUS INFERNOES... LARGELY AS THE NIGHT ROLLING
DOWN OVER THE GROUND WITH HIS POWERFUL HORSES, THEN
THE HORSE HORSES PULLS AWAY SABRE FROM HIS PISTOLSES...

GET TO RANGIN' ON, LEANIN' IT TO LIGHTNING...
TO GET US AWAY FROM HERE...



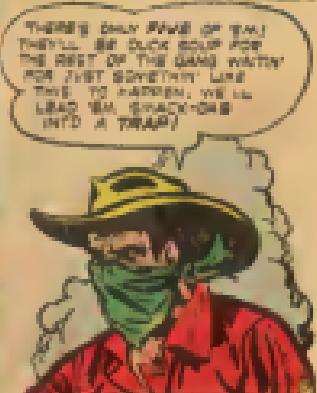
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WATER RUSHED FROM THE CLOUDY SKY. TIM SLIDED FROM THE SADDLE, STRUCK A COLD STREAM. THE HOT WATER SHOVED HIM BACK TO THE SADDLE.

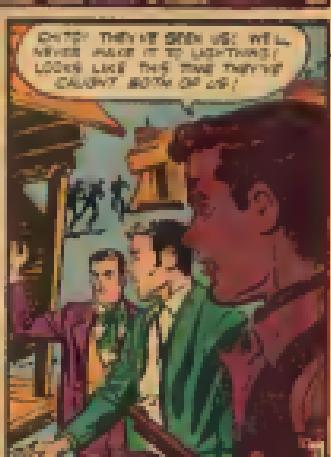
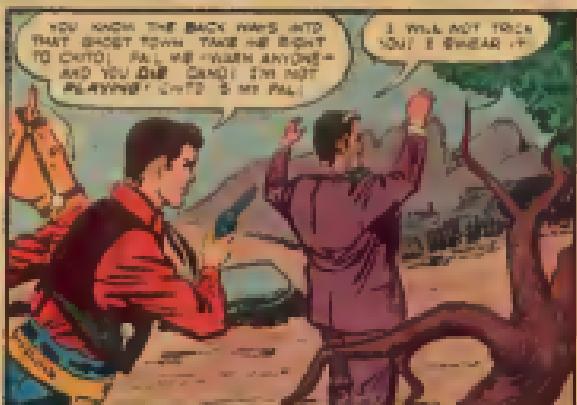
"Well... that's cold, but it feels good. Drives the cobwebs out of my head. How to see how I can get onto out of that place?"

That night all the Indians arrived before a campfire, a long rifle by its side.

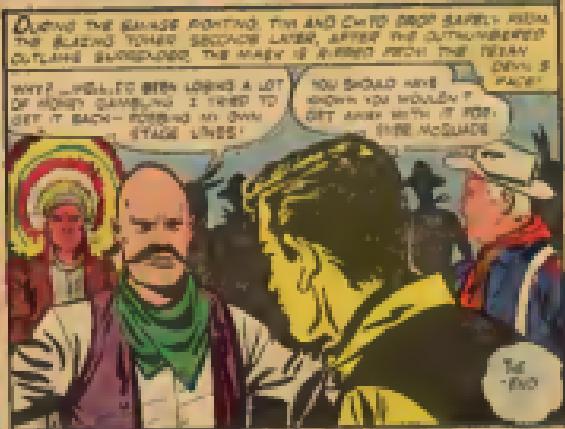
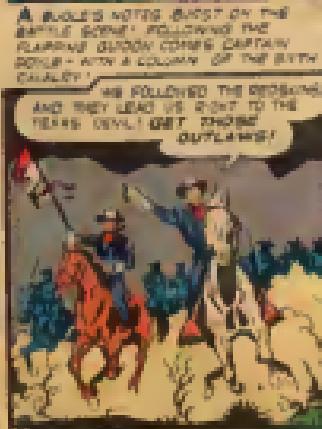
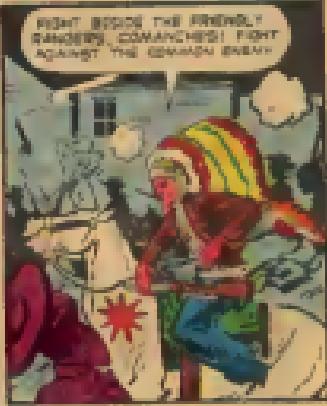
"A horse - but not armed at me! - and - there's a message attached to it."



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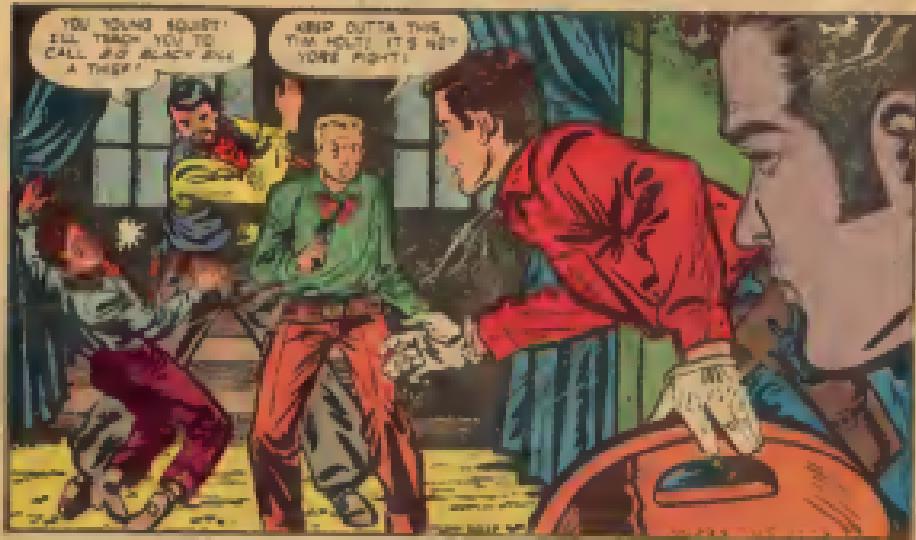
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Now the bandits have the like
gangsters have often forced
to pool their heads together
and created protection on
the long drive to market
and continuing their quest in
the leader of the drive has
overlaid, when these heads
march into the great robbery
spree, leaving behind fun
for many and the only—

"MARK OF
TREACHERY!"



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SHOCKED ME, COULD TELL IT TOOK YOUR WIFE ...

... GOT A DOCTOR TO PATCH ME UP, DAD. I'M DOING, AFTER THAT SHOOTING COTOTE!

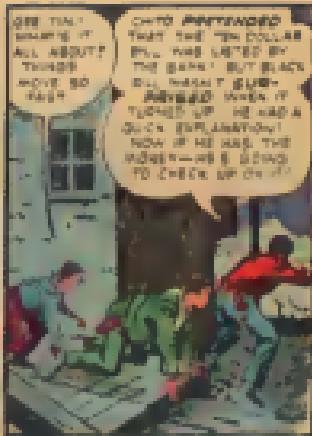
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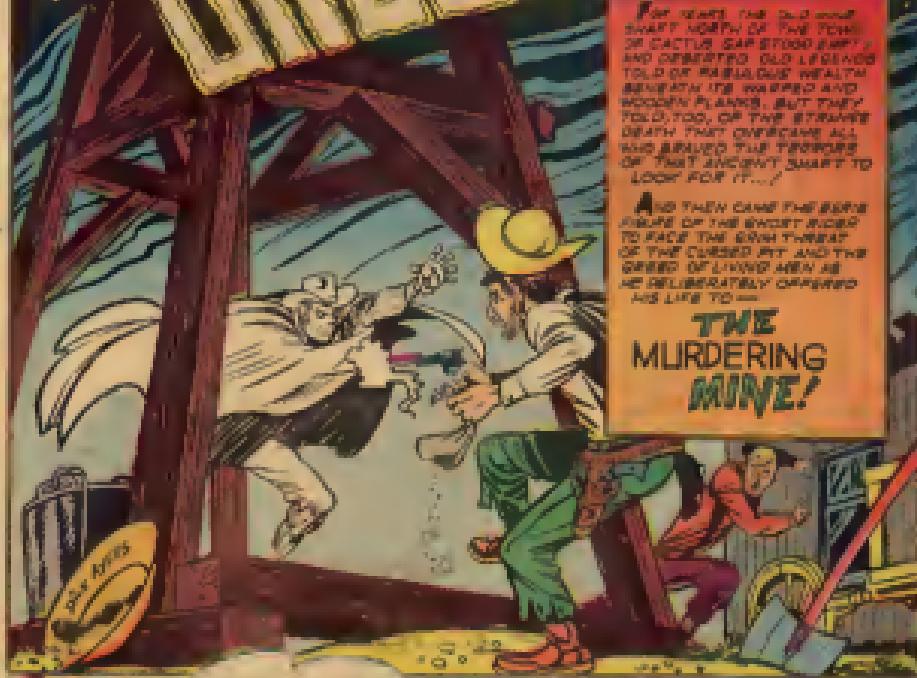
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the GHOST RIDER



FOR YEARS THE OLD AND
SWEET HOLLOW OF THE TOWN
OF CACTUS GAP STOOD EMPTY
AND DESOLATE. OLD LEGENDS
TOOK OF FABULOUS WEALTH
BENEATH ITS WARPED AND
WOODEN PLANKS. BUT THEY
TOLD, TOO, OF THE STRANGE
DEATH THAT OVERCAME ALL
WHO BRAVED THE TERRORS
OF THAT ANCIENT DRAFT TO
LOOK FOR IT....

AND THEN CAME THE SIGHT
OF THE GHOST RIDER
TO FACE THE GHOST THREAT
OF THE CURSED PIT AND THE
Greed of living men as
he deliberately offered
his life to...

THE MURDERING MINE!

IT WAS A HOT
SUMMER AFTERNOON
IN THE COUNTRY
AND SOMEONE
WALKED
INTO A
HOBESACK SHACK
OVERLOOKING
THE TOWERING
WOODEN
SHANTY...

SO THAT'S THE OLD
KILLER MINE! IT USED
TO BELONG TO THE
RICHARDYS. AND WHEN
A COUPLE OF MEN DIED
AND THE PLACE WAS
CURSED!

ME SCARED!
ME SHAKING
ALL OVER!



THANK YOU, TAKE A LOOK
AT IT AND TRY TO FIND
OUT JUST WHY—

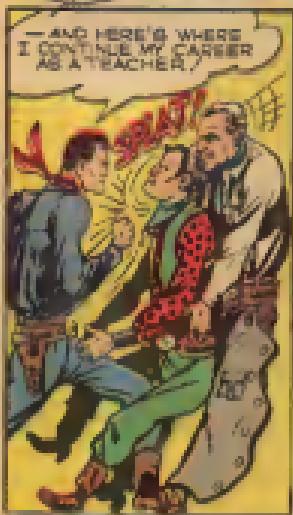
NO DOG,
REX TURVY,
SHADY,
FRAUD ALONE
NOT SO!



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...HOT PUYU BEATS THROUGH ED
CLOUD, SHATTERING LUPA'S BOTTLE, HE
HURRIES DOWNTOWN — TOWARD A
RENDERHOUSE WITH A PAIR OF SHOTGED
FEET?



WITH HALOURE AND SLOWLY
HAND, CRAMPING THROUGH
THE NIGHT —



...AND THEN — SUDDENLY — LIKE A
COLD WIND — AN EERIE WIND
FILTERS THROUGH THE
GATE AND HEAVENS
OF BOOT HILL...



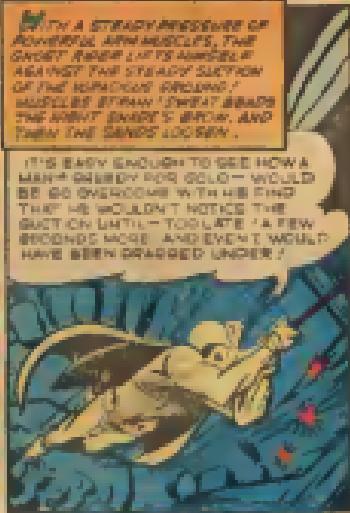
DOWN
BRUSHES
THE HILLS
WITH PINK
BULLSEYE
AS THE
SECRET
ROTTER
SHAPES
FROM THE
SADDLE
AND RACES
TOWARD THE OLD
MAN'S
SHIRT...



IMPERIAL
A
KING, SHOTTED
ED CLOUD TALKS IN
HORROR, WHISPERS
TO HIS SON, SILENT
IN THE BACK ROOM
OF THE CACTUS CITY
BARDIN...



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OUTLAW'S GOLD

HE QUARTERED down out of the steel-toed hills. His paint horse was exhausted, walking with drooping head, hoofs stumbling in the soft sand. The man on the saddle turned, looking behind him, wondering if the posse would come up over the top of that last hogback ridge.

Clem Tolliver was an outlaw. Whimper-handled Colts had carried him from the running camp of Marneus to the cattle ranges of Texas. He had been quick with these gunbands. Too quick, he now realized. I was just a kid, he thought bitterly. A gun-slicker but you see big for his own breeches! It was too late now to go back and change any of that.

But there was something he could do.

In the town ahead of him, there was a small blacksmith shop. In the store, set back against the rear wall, was a shield. On the shelf was a dozen or more oil cans. Filled with nails and hosses and nuts. One of those oil cans held gold, however. A fortune in dull, gleaming gold nuggets. Clem had put those nuggets there, two years ago.

Clem needed these nuggets now, needed them badly. He needed them to restore his self-respect. For the last two years his life, Clem Tolliver was ashamed of himself. His cheeks blushed red with anger at the thought of the way hearded Red Angus had treated him. It was back in the hills of the Texas Hills where Angus had said to him, with a grim smile, "Join up with us, Tolliver. We're makin' a raid on the Elkhorn stage. It's makin' its regular run from the gold fields right now."

He had not wanted to join Angus' crew of bandit killers. But a two-faced marshal, who wanted Tolliver's scalp for the sake of his reputation, had driven him from the Gatch region, over the Roppe Mountains, and across the salt flats into the Texas country.

It had been Clem who had driven the short stretch that night—which meant he stayed with the horses while the others crept through the sandstone walls above the Elkhorn trail and within rifle range of the stage. Clem still remembered the ominous drumming of hoofs as Angus and his crew had returned.

Red Angus had reined in his iron gelding, had snarled, "We got one of 'em. He got up a fight. The driver—killed him! Name honoree named Johnson!"

But they got the gold. And part of Clem Tolliver had died as he looked down at it.

That driver had been Frank Johnson—who had been Clem's best friend...

Clem pulled the pony into a slow trot. The walk had refreshed the animal. Now he ran with vigor and power in his thick-muscled legs. Far ahead lay the dim stretches of the benchland outside Arroyo. He pushed the pony into a steady canter.

Within an hour, the false-fronted saloons and general stores of Arroyo loomed before him. His quick, alert eyes took in the military store, the Havenlyer general. Down the dusty main street, between the livery stable and the Jenkins' funeral parlor, neared the blacksmith shop. He pulled the pony into the cool shade of the smoky.

A big man, with muscles bulging on his bare, sweat-smeared arms, stopped the steady ploughing of his hammer on the anvil to stare up at him. Under the shadow of his brows, Clem knew that his face would not be recognized, not at first, that is. A very smile twisted his lips as he swung from the saddle.

"Howdy, Jim," he said softly, waiting.

The big man started. His eyes widened. His lips thinned as a heat of anger pulsed through him. With a savage gesture, he threw the hammer from him and took a step forward.

"You! What do you want in Arroyo? Last time I saw you, I told you to stay away. Forever! What are you made of—now?"

No, Clem reflected bitterly, I'm not made of stone. That's why I'm back here! But he remained. He knew that his brother Jim would do nothing; that he would not run down the steps to sheriff Hawkins' little office to spread the word that Clem Tolliver, the outlaw, was in town.

"I came for the gold," he said, gazing into the dark eye of the smithy.

"It's the only honest money you ever made," snarled the big man.

"I know that. That's why I came for it. Any other money—wouldn't do!"

Clem reached past Jim, shaking loose a coiled riding belt. In his high-heeled, ornmented riding boots he walked across the dirt floor, limbered for a moment under the dirty canvas tarpaulin. As his hands emerged, they brought with them a round oil can. The can was heavy, so heavy that he almost dropped it.

His fingers ripped open the top. He looked inside. The dull gleam of heavy gold nuggets stared up at him from inside the can, almost filling it. With a heavy sigh of relief, Clem thrust it under his arm. He found a neck in

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the rubble of the smithy's debris, and put the cow inside it.

Tossing away his hat, his brother came to stand near him. "That's good, honest gold, Clem. What do you want with it?"

"It's mine. I got a right to use it—as I see it!"

He threw the sack across the saddle, looped the drawstrings across the iron pommel of his big Cheyenne saddle. Putting a foot into the crusted spadero stirrup, he swung up into the hok. With a quick gesture of his hands, he raised the pants around, and used them out into the sunlight.

The Johnson ranch was small and weather-beaten. As Clem swung in from the teeth toward its flat sprawling width, he failed to note the three men who stared suddenly at his passing. His eyes were all for the dim figure of Ella Mae, standing straight and proud beside the unpainted porch. As he drew closer, he saw that her blue eyes were fixed steadily on his tall, slim figure.

"As he reined in the pony, she said gaily, "Clem, Tolliver! What brings you back?"

He felt the flesh tauten his tanned cheeks. Silently, not daring to meet those calm eyes, he unloosed the drawstring of the sack hanging from the saddle pommel. Holding it in his hand, he swung down.

Clem held it out. "I don't know just how to put this. This is mine. It's come by an honest way. I—I want you to—"

The first warning they had of the men coming across the sage flats toward them was when a bullet cut a round hole in the sack, less than an inch from Christopher.

He threw himself on Ella Mae, cradling her back over the unpainted planks of the porch in a trembling, screaming frenzy. Clem's right hand reached downward; came up with the heavy Colt Peacemaker, shoving blue in the sunlight.

Now he saw them, running across the yard, leaping big and energetic in their red shirts and blue jeans, their guns barking red flame at him. He left a livid mark on his shoulder, heard the cloth rip and tear noisy.

"Then he was pushing Ella Mae before him into the big single door of the ranch house "Get inside! It's Angus—Red Angus!"

"Your kind!" she spat. "Why are they shooting at you?"

"Because I'm a fool! I should have come to bring you the gold at night!"

Her surprise was audible as she gasped. "To bring me gold? Hungry?"

He told her, and as he talked, her face mirrored her amazement. She interrupted. "But Frank hasn't died! He left me only a few hours ago, to make another run on the stage!"

"Not—dead!" Clem choked. And then he laughed bitterly, savagely. What a fool he was to have swallowed that story Red Angus told him! Angus had lied, knowing Clem would get that gold, to try and make reparation to Ella Mae. Red Angus himself had put the idea to him, as they had ridden off, with that peace hunting for them. He had said, "Be a fine thing if somebody could take care of that widow's widow. But none of us has any fortune but story." But he, Clem Tolliver, had a fortune—in good suppose, that he had found while prospecting the Rockies, two years ago. And that was what Red Angus was after, now.

A bullet shattered through the thin planking of the door. Gunshots, and the shouts of angry men sounded from the outside. A red flame of fury beat up through Clem. He shook off Ella Mae's hand; ran for the door, bent over, left his gun in his big hands. With a hard thrust of his boot heel he drew the door outward—followed it, both guns bucking and flinching in his hands.

One of the survivors came to a sudden stop as a bullet caught him above his belt-buckle. He bent over slowly, then fell that way, as if dead. Another man drove lead at Clem from a nearby wagon, crushed down behind a big wheel. Clem fended him with his fifth bullet. The man went backwards, turning a flip in midair. He hit the ground with a dull thud, and lay there, arms outstretched, sightless eyes staring at the sky.

Clem twisted sideways, his eyes hunting Red Angus. A gun threw flame at him from a corner of the stable. Clem sent a bullet into the wood, driving splinters, then he was running straight for the barn, hustled over. He did not care about himself now. All he thought about was Red Angus and his way of life—a way of life that he himself had embraced unthinkingly.

In the rolling thunder of gunfire, he did not hear the hoofbeats behind him; did not see the men gallop forward after him. Instead, he was around the corner, gun to gun with Red Angus, who opened wide eyes and cried.

He fired too late. A gun behind Clem had spoken, as bullet took Red Angus in the mouth. Clem whirled, to see sheriff Mathews and a man who wore the federal marshal badge. The marshal was grinning. "So you're Clem Tolliver! Seems you had a run-in up north with another marshal. We found out he was crooked. He'd made up lies about you. I checked. You've never murdered a man in your life, except in fair gunplay. I need a good deputy marshal. You want to sign up?"

Clem sighted and holstered his guns. "Mister, you've made yourself a deal," he grinned. "Just for the record, I never robbed a man, either."

The three men turned and walked together toward Ella Mae, who was smiling happily.



TIM HOLT



Don Edwards never came back from Mexico. For a cent away from the border, the bandit stood off on a heavy blanket, its clapper silent.... The old Mexican crumpled into ruins. A new town sprang up, and the winds drifted by.



One night in early spring —



THREE HIGH — ADAMET DAY! LET'S SWIN' THOSE COOS DOWN!

AS I AM FOR THAT OFF MY NEW CHASSEUR!



BRING IT UP, BOSS! I'M TAKING CHAS IN THIS GAME!

HAPPY... WHEE!



I AM IN YOU YOU IN ONE MOMENT I'M



WILL ONE OF YOU — TELL THEM WHEN — WE GET FINISHED HERE FIND OUT WHAT YOU JUMPED ONE MAN —

HOW FAR?



But, as Critt Jones Tim in the front, the cause of all the trouble was off with all the speed he shadowed him.

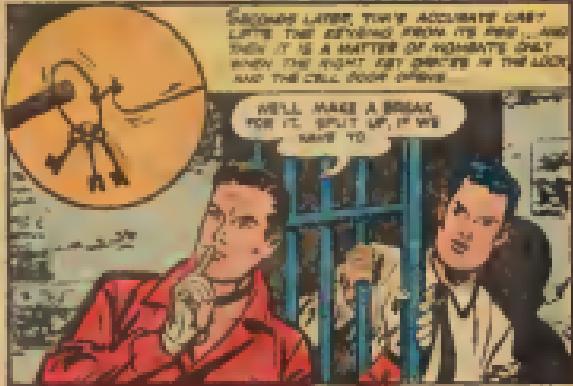
NEXT TIME I'LL MAKE SURE WHERE I DO WHAT FOR I TRY TO STOP A CRIME! THAT'S — FLIP LARSEN!



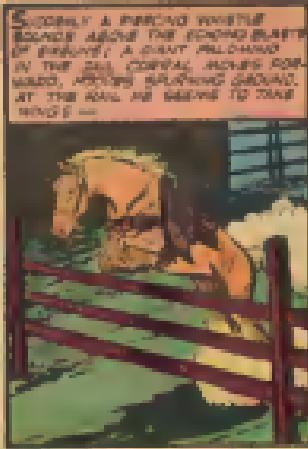
THE SQUAD OF HATS BLOWN AND PAINTED HAIR BANNED THE SHERIFF ON THE RUN —

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? FLIP, FLIP LARSEN! UP TO YORK OLD TRICKY! NOT THIS TIME, SHERIFF. THESE HOMIES JUMPED US FOR NO REASON AT ALL!

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TIM HOLT

AS THE SHERIFF AND THE POSSE
RIDE OUT OF TOWN AFTER TIM HOLT
LITERALLY BACCHANAS HIS HORSE AND
MOVES OFF AT A CARTER IN THE
OPPOSITE DIRECTION...

IT'S FOOLISH TIM TO FORGET
HAVING THESE TROUBLES WHILE
I AM RIDING THROUGH THE HIGH
MOUNTAINS AND HARRY...



AN' NOW SOMETHING
ELSE TELL ME I AM
BEING MORE HARRY
SOMETHING SOON...



MARSHALL...

SOONER OR LATER I STRUCK
I THOUGHT YOU WERE
ONE OF PUP LARSEN'S
DROWN. I ALMOST
FILLED UP WITH YOU...



I WAS THE HOMESTEAD YOU PLUNGED
LAST NIGHT! RECKON I GOT
BROKEN AT THE THROTTLE OF
OLD LARSEN. I RAN OUT, BUT
NEVER MADE THAT CLIMB ABOARD
HOW LONG THEY WOULD
HOLD ME BACK...



SOME MINUTES LATER AS THE SHERIFF RODE UP ON THE MOUNTAIN
ROAD...

SHERIFF, BUT I DO HEAR A BUCK
BULL CALLIN' IT BY THE OTHER ROAD
LAWD TO THE MOUNTAINS!

THANKS, JIM. LET'S
HIT THAT TRAIL
BOTH OF US...



NO NEED TO MAKE ME PROFOUND
NO THIEF AND THE HELL FOR
SAVING ME FROM A BULLTRAP, I
GAVE LARSEN AN' HIS CROWD
ABOUT 10 STEAL. THAT OLD
MURKIN BILL LIVED A FOOL
I CUT IN!



THAT'S WHAT'S BEEN PUZZLING ME NEARLY
TODAY CAN LEARN THE ANSWER TO THAT — MAY
BE LARSEN IS INTERESTED IN THAT OLD BILL
— YOU CAN TALK HIM DOWN TO THE SHERIFF
AN' SEND HIM OUT OF THIS COUNTRY
A FREE MAN!



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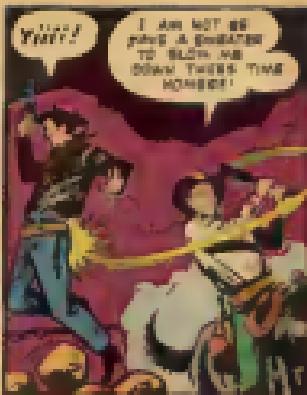


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AND THEN, OUT OF THE DARKNESS COME THE THUDING DRUM OF
STICKING HORSES. HAVE YOURS SHOT! AT SILENT ALARM!

THIS TIME THE SHERIFF WILL BE IN
DUST. SEE YOU BACKWINDERS!

I'LL GIVE HIM SOMA
SOON, BOY!



WE'RE TIMING CACTUS,

THIS IS THE SECOND TIME
YOU TWO HAVE SPUN YOUR
HORSES IN
OUR ARRANGEMENT.
THIS TIME—

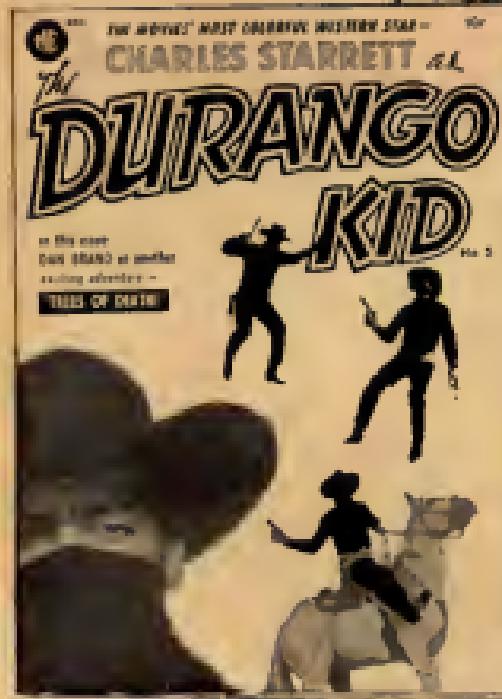
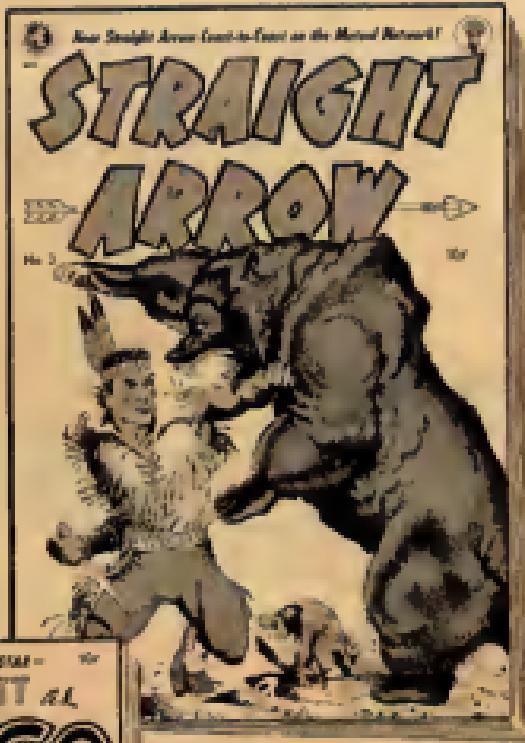
I'LL
FACE
YOU
CACTUS!

TALKED ABOUT STICKING HORSES
INTO THOSE—TRY STICKING
YOURS IN THE ARRANGEMENT!

SHAMAN!



For exciting, real outdoor action, you can't beat these topnotch western comics . . .



AT YOUR
FAVORITE
NEWSTAND
NOW!

GEE WHIZ! JUST LOOK AT THIS

GEE WHIZ! Hopalong Cassidy



WESTERN STEERHIDE BELT

卷一〇〇

Hi, friend! Miss's your chance to get a genuine mescaline-deep-sleeping cowboy hat—just the kind of felt hat you get, Hopalong Cassidy, would like in his personal wear! And when a hat like this goes with, easily matches with any other pictures of Hopalong, showing it off with a bang! Hopalong is a steady horse, a western character, and Hopalong is a name right where all your friends can get and admire it.



COMBINE WITH
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There were a few last minute changes, but the day went off without a hitch. I am so grateful for the support and encouragement of my family and friends.